Midas

Burletta in two acts

By

Kane O'Hara

1764

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MIDAS,

AN

ENGLISH BURLETTA,

IN

TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL.

London:

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COVENT GARDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED.

Jupiter	Mr. Legg.
Juno	Mr. Stephens.
Apollo	Mr. Mattocks.
Momus	Mr. Dibdin.
Mercury	Mr. Baker.
Pan	Mr. Dunstall.
Midas	Mr. Shuter.
Damætas	Mr. Fawcett.
Sileno	Mr. Beard.
Mysis	Miss Poitier.
Daphne	Miss Miller.
Nysa	Miss Hallam.
Oracle	Mr. Waylen.

	Drury Lane.	*Covent Garden.*
Midas	Mr. Munden.	Mr. W. Farren.
Sileno	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Taylor.
Damætas	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Evans,
Jupiter	Mr. T. Cooke.	Mr. J. Isaacs.
Pan	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Rayner
Apollo	Madame Vestris.	Mr. Sinclair.
Mysis	Mrs. Bland.	Mrs. Pearce.
Daphne	Mrs. Orger	Miss Hammersley.
Nysa	Miss Povey	Miss Love.

MIDAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The curtain rising discovers the Heathen Deities, seated amidst the clouds, in full council; they address* JUPITER *in chorus, accompanied by all the instruments.*

CHORUS *of all the Gods.*

JOVE, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord May'r,
With his nods
Men and Gods
Keeps in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks;
Earth's globe is but his taw,
Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule:
His word
Tho' absurd
Must be law.
Even Fate,
Tho' so great,
Must not prate;
His bald pate
Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,
For a straw.
Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Or gnaw.

Jup. (*rising.*) Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sov'reign,
And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
On our commands? We'll make him an example.
As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your emperor.
Juno. I'll take the law. (*to Jup.*) My proctor, with a summons
Shall cite you, Sir, t'appear at Doctors' Commons.
Jup. Let him,—but first I'll chace from Heaven you varlet.
Juno. What, for detecting you and your vile harlot!

Air II.

Juno. Think not, lewd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love;
For, spite of your rakehelly godhead,
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.

I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;
In vain you in darkness enclose them:
Your favourite jades
I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.

Jup. Peace termagant—I swear by Styx, our thunder
Shall hurl him to the earth—Nay never wonder,
I've sworn it, gods.
Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

Air III.

Apol. Be by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dad!
Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
The world will think you mad.

What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen
And stagger to some punk?

Jup. You saucy scoundrel!—there, sir—Come Disorder,
Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.
Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him,
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

Thunder and lightning. Jupiter darts a bolt at him, he falls—Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the Gods all ascend together, singing the initial chorus:

SCENE II.—*A champaign country with a distant village; violent storm of thunder and lightning. A shepherd sleeping in the field is roused by it, and runs away frighted, leaving his cloak, hat, and guittar behind him.* APOLLO *(as cast from Heaven) falls to the earth, with a rude shock, and lies for a while stunn'd; at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and looking forward, speaks. After which, enters to him* SILENO.

Apol. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty decent tumble!
Kind usage, Mr. Jove—sweet sir, you're humble.
Well, down I am;—no bones broke—tho' sore pepper'd!
Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do?—turn shepherd.
[*Puts on the cloak, &c.*
A lucky thought—In this disguise, Apollo
No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow,
Nor doubt I, with my voice, guittar, and person,
Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.
Sileno. Whom have we here! a sightly clown and sturdy:
Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.
Seems out of place—a stranger,—all in tatters,
I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.
—Whence, and what art thou, boy?
Pol. An orphan lad, Sir!
Pol is my name,—a shepherd once my dad, Sir;
I'th' upper parts here—tho' not born to serving,
I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.
Sileno. You've drawn a prize i'th' lottery. So have I too;
Why,—I'm the master you could best apply to.

AIR IV.

Sil. Since you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog,
Fal la la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and oaten-bread.
Fal la la.

Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And when daily labour's over
We'll all dance to your strum strum.
Fa la la.

Pol. I strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther on I may fare worse;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts, and empty purse.
Fa la la.

Sil. Do, strike hands; 'tis kind I offer;
Pol. I strike hands, and take your offer;
Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse;
Pol. Farther on I may fare worse.
Sil. Pity such a lad should suffer,
Pol. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
Sil. Hungry guts, and empty purse.
Pol. Hungry guts, and empty purse.
Fa la la.
[*Exeunt dancing and singing.*

SCENE III.—SILENO'S *Farm House.*—DAPHNE *and* NYSA, MYSIS *following behind.*

Daph. But Nysa, how goes on squire Midas' courtship?
Nysa. Your sweet Damætas, pimp to his great worship,
Brought me from him a purse;—but the conditions—
—I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.
Daph. The moon calf! This must blast him with my father.
Nysa. Right. So we are rid of the two frights together.
Both. Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha! [grinning:
Mys. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found?——For ever
Ye rantipoles—is't thus you mind your spinning?

AIR V.

Mysis. Girls are known
To mischief prone,

If ever they be idle.
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle:
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way sidle.
Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop
And set their mothers madding.

Enter SILENO *introducing* POL.

Sil. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you grumble.
At too hard toil;—I chanc'd, just now, to stumble
On this stout drudge—and hir'd him—fit for labour,
To'em lad—then he can play, and sing, and caper.
Mys. Fine rubbish to bring home; a strolling thrummer!
(*to Pol.*) What art thou good for? Speak, thou ragged mummer?
Nys. Mother, for shame———
Mys Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.
Pol. Goody, my strength and parts you under-value.
For his and your work, I'm brisk and handy.
Daph. A sad cheat else———
Mys. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

AIR VI.

Pol.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue:
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong.
A stranger why will you despise?
Ply me,
Try me,
Prove, ere you deny me:
If you cast me
Off, you blast me
Never more to rise.

Mys. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.
Nys. With what sweet temper he bears all her snubbing! (*aside.*)
Sil. Oons, no more words———Go, boy, and get your dinner.
[*Exit Pol.*

Sil. Fye, why so cross-grain'd to a young beginner?
Nys. So modest!
Daph. So genteel!
Sil. (to Mys.) Not pert, nor lumpish.
Mys. Would he were hang'd!
Nys. and Daph. La! mother, why so frumpish?

Air VII.

Nys. Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd
To the gentle, handsome swain?
Daph. To a lad, so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Sure 'tis cruel, &c.
Mys. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account:
Sil. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.
Nys. Ah! ah!
Daph. Mama!
Nys. } Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
Daph. } Ah, ah! to a lad so limb'd and featur'd?
Nys. } To the gentle handsome swain,
Daph. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
Nys. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
Daph. } To the gentle, handsome swain.
Mys. Girls, for you my fears perplex me;
I'm alarm'd on your account.
Sil. Wife, in vain you taize and vex me;
I will rule, depend upon't.
Nys. }
Mys. } Mama!
Psha! Psha!
Daph. }
Sil. } Papa,
Ah! Ah!
Daph. } Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
Sil. } Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natur'd;
Nys. } Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd?
Daph. } To the gentle handsome swain,
Sil. } He's a gentle handsome swain,
Nys. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Mys. } 'Tis my pleasure to give pain.

Daph. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Sil. } He's a gentle handsome swain.
Nys. } To the gentle, handsome swain.
Mys. } To your odious, fav'rite swain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* MIDAS *and* DAMÆTAS.

Mid. Nysa, you say, refus'd the guineas British.
Dam. Ah! please your worship—she is wond'rous skittish.
Mid. I'll have her, cost what will. Odsbobs—I'll force her—
Dam. The altar—
Mid. As for Madam, I'll divorce her.—
Some favour'd lout incog. our bliss opposes.
Dam. Aye, Pol, the hind puts out of joint our noses.
Mid. I've heard of that Pol's tricks, of his sly tampering
To fling poor Pan, but I'll soon send him scampering.
'Sblood I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!
Where is old Pan?
Dam. Tippling, Sir, at th' ale-house.
Mid. Run, fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient
To rout this Pol.—
Dam. I fly; (*going, returns.*) Sir, your obedient. [*Exit.*

Midas. What boots my being 'Squire,
Justice of Peace, and Quorum;
Church-warden,—Knight o'th'Shire,
And Custos Rotulorum;
If saucy little Nysa's heart rebellions,
My 'Squireship slights, and hankers after fellows?

AIR VIII.

Midas.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
Dare my amours to cross?
Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas woos,
Her nose up at him toss?
No: I'll kidnap——then possess her:
I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange;
So glut to the height of pleasure,
My love and my revenge.
No: I'll kidnap, &c. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—PAN *discover'd sitting on a table, with a a tankard, pipes, and tobacco, before him, his bag-pipes lying by him.*

AIR IX.

Pan. Jupiter wenches and drinks,
He rules the roast in the sky;
Yet he's a fool if he thinks
That he's as happy as I:
Juno rates him,
And grates him,
And leads his highness a weary life
I have my lass,
And my glass,
And stroll a bachelor's merry life.
Let him fluster,
And bluster,
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;
To my fair tulips,
I glew lips,
And clink the cannikin here below.

Enter DAMÆTAS.

Dam.
There sits the old soaker——his pate troubling little
How the world wags, so he gets drink and vittle.
Hoa, master Pan—Gad you've trod on a thistle!
You may pack up your all, Sir, and go whistle.
The wenches have turn'd tail, to you buck ranter:
Tickled by his guitar—they scorn your chanter.

AIR X.

Dam.
All around the Maypole how they trot,
Hot
Pot
And good ale have got;
Routing,
Shouting,
At you flouting,
Fleering,
Jeering,
And what not.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad
Lad,
Glad
To see us sad;
Cap'ring,
Vap'ring;
While Pol, scraping,
Coaxes
The lasses
As he did the dad. [*Exit.*

Enter MYSIS.

Mys. O Pan!—the devil to pay—both my sluts frantic!
Both in their tantrums, for you cap'ring antic.
But I'll go seek 'em all—and if I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em——as if Old Nick were behind 'em. [*Going.*

Pan. Soa, soa—don't flounce;
Avast—disguise your fury.
Pol we shall trounce;
Midas is judge and jury.

AIR XI.

Mys. Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
To see my purposes thus counteracted!
This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.
Daughters projecting
Their ruin and shame,
Fathers neglecting
The care of their fame;
Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;
Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A wood and lawn, near* SILENO'S *farm, flocks grazing at a distance—a tender slow symphony.—* DAPHNE *crosses melancholy and silent;* NYSA *watching her.*

Nys. O ho! is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps?
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance
Shall make her stir her stumps.
To all her secret haunts,

Like her shadow, I'll follow and watch her:
And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her. [*Retires.*

[*Then* DAPHNE *returns, running.*

Daph. La! how my heart goes pit-a-pat! what thumping,
E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.

AIR XII.

Daph. He's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stept in leather shoe,
And, what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do,
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue,
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
If he's false—I'll fit him too.

Enter POL.

Pol. Think o' the Devil—'tis said
He's at your shoulder—
That wench was running in my head,
And pop—behold her.

AIR XIII.

Pol. Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish;
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long needs sue in vain;
Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
Scarce will meet his like again.

Daph. Sir, you're such an olio
Of perfection in folio,
No damsel can resist you:
Your face so attractive,
Limbs so supple and active,
That by this light,
At the first sight,
I could have run and kiss'd you.

Air XIV.

Daphne.

If you can caper, as well as you modulate,
With the addition of that pretty face,
Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late,
Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.

His beard so frowsy, his gestures so aukward are,
And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,
That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
You may count on all the girls as your own.

Mys. (from within)
Pol, Pol, make haste, come hither.
Pol. Death, what a time to call!
Oh! rot your old lungs of leather.
B'ye Daph.
Daph. B'ye Pol. [*Exit.* Pol.

Enter Nysa.

Nys. Marry, come up, forsooth,
Is't me, you forward vixen,
You choose to play your tricks on;
And could your liquorish tooth
Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?
Daph. Marry come up again,
Indeed, my dirty cousin!
Have you a right to every swain?
Nys. Aye, tho' a dozen.

Air XV.

Daph. My minikin Miss, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's doll?
Nys. Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the Giantess of Guildhall?
Daph. Pigmy elf,
Nys. Colossus itself,
Both. You will lie till you're mould upon the shelf.
Daph. You stump o'th'gutter, you hop o'my thumb,
A husband for you must from Lilliput come.
Nys. You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brogdignag.
Daph. Sour grapes,
Nys. Lead Apes,
Both. I'll humble your vanity, Mistress Trapes.

Daph. Miss, your assurance
Nys. And, Miss, your high airs
Daph. Are past all endurance,
Nys. Are at their last pray'rs.
Daph. No more of those freedoms, Miss Nysa, I beg.
Nys. Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.
Daph. } Poor spite!
Nys. } Pride hurt!
Daph. } Liver white!
Nys. } Rare sport!
Daph. } Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do but you
can't bite,
Nys. } This haughtiness soon will be led in the
dirt.
Poor spite, &c.
Pride hurt, &c. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

Enter NYSA, *followed by* MIDAS.

Mid. TURN, tygress, turn; nay fly not—
I have thee at a why not.
How comes it, little Nysy,
That heart to me so icy
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up t' a very cinder?
Nys. Sir, to my virtue ever steady.
Firm as a rock
I scorn your shock;
But why this attack?
A miss can you lack
Who have a wife already?

Mid. Ay there's the curse—but she is old and sickly;
And would my Nysa grant the favour quickly,
Would she yield now—I swear by the Lord Harry,
That moment madam's coffin'd—Her I'll marry.

AIR I.

Mid. O what pleasures will abound
When my wife is laid in ground!
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.
O how happy should I be,
Would little Nysa pig with me!
How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nysa pig with me.

Nys. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
At your base scheme I laugh.
Mid. Yet take my vows—
Nys. I would not take your bond, Sir,——
Mid. Half my estate——
Nys. No, nor the whole——my fond Sir.

AIR II.

Nys. Ne'er will I be left i'the lurch;
Cease your bribes and wheedling;
Till I'm made a bride i' the church
I'll keep man from meddling.
What are riches
And soft speeches?
Baits and fetches
To bewitch us;
When you've won us,
And undone us,
Cloy'd you shun us,
Frowning on us,
For our heedless piddling. [*Exit.*

Enter PAN, *and* POL *listening.*

Mid. Well, master Poll I'll tickle,
For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle:

When he's in limbo,
Not thus our hoity toity miss
Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

Pan. So squire, well met——I flew to know your business.
Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on his knees.
Pan. That were a feat indeed ;—a feat to brag on.
Mid. Let's home——we'll there concert it o'er a flagon.
I'll make him skip——
Pan. As St. George did the dragon.

Air III.

Mid. If into your hen yard
The treacherous reynard
Steals slily, your poultry to ravage,
With gun you attack him,
With beagles you track him,
All's fair to destroy the fell savage.
So Pol, who comes picking
Up my tender chicken,
No means do I scruple to banish ;
With power I'll o'erbear him,
With fraud I'll ensnare him,
By hook or by crook he shall vanish.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before* Midas's *House.*

Enter Nysa.

Nys. Good lack! what is come o'er me?
Daphne has stepp'd before me!
Envy and love devour me.
Pol doats upon her phiz hard
'Tis that sticks in my gizzard.
Midas appears now twenty times more hideous.
Ah, Nysa, what resource?———a cloyster.
Death alive———yet thither must I run,
And turn a nun,
Prodigious!

Air IV.

Nys. In these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine;
Then his guittar he clatters
With tinkling divine:

But, my sister,
Ah! he kiss'd her,
And me he pass'd by;
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—MIDAS' *Parlour.*

MIDAS, MYSIS, *and* PAN, *in consultation over a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco.*

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast———
Pan. Here goes,—our noble Umpire.
Mys. And Pol's defeat———I'll pledge it in a bumper.
Mid. Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has cross'd us.
Mys. Sure he's the Devil himself;
Pan. Or Doctor Faustus.
Mys. Ah! Squire——for Pan would you but stoutly stickle.
This Pol. would soon be in a wretched pickle.
Pan. You reason right——
Mid. His toby I shall tickle.
Mys. Look, Squire, I've sold my butter, here it's price is
At your command, do but this job for Mysis.
Count em———six guiueas and an old Jacobus,
Keep Pan, and shame that scape-grace *coram nobis.*
Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,
I pocket this here stuff;
And as for that there peasant,
Trust me I'll work his buff.
At the musical struggle
I'll bully and juggle;
My award's
Your sure card,
Blood, he shall fly his country———that's enough.
Pan. Well said, my lad of wax.
Mid. Let's end th' tankard,
I have no head for business till I've drank hard.
Pan. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're addle
When I'm most rocky I best sit my saddle.
Mid. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a catch,
Then part to our affairs.——
Pan. A match.
Mys. A match.

AIR V.

Mid. Master Pol
And his toll-de-roll-loll.
I'll buffet away from the plain, Sir.

Pan. And I'll assist
Your worship's fist
With all my might and main, Sir;
Mys. And I'll have a thump,
Though he is so plump,
And makes such a wounded racket.
Mys. I'll bluff,
Pan. I'll rough,
Mys. I'll huff,
Mid. I'll cuff,
Omn. And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.
Mid. For all his cheats,
And wenching feats,
He shall rue on his knees 'em,
O skip, by goles,
As high as Paul's,
Like ugly witch on besom;
Arraign'd he shall be,
Of treason to me!
Pan. And I with my davy will back it;
I'll swear,
Mid. I'll snare
Mys. I'll tear.
Omn. O rare!
And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*A Landscape.*

Enter SILENO *and* DAMÆTAS *in warm argument.*

Sil. My Daph a wife for thee; the squire's base pandar!
To the plantations sooner would I send her.
Dam. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.
Sil. Name her not, Hag of Endor,
What knew she of thee but thy coffers.
Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jackanapes.
By dint of congees and of scrapes————
Sil. These are thy slanders and that canker'd hag's——
Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags——
Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags
Of flocks, and herds, and money bags.

AIR VI.

Sil. If a rival thy character draw,
In perfection he'll find out a flaw;

With black he will paint,
Make a de'il of a saint,
And change to an owl a maccaw.

Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise,
Who his friend's good advice will despise?
Who, when danger is nigh,
Throws his spectacles by,
And blinks through a green girl's eyes?

Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;
Your betters you snub.

Sil. Who will lend me a club,
This insolent puppy to drub?
You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

Dam. You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub,

Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub.

Dam. Whom the Prince of Imposters I dub;

Sil. A guinea for a club,

Dam. Your bald pate you'll rub,

Sil. This muckworm to drub.

Dam. When you find that your cub

Sil. Rub off, Sirrah, rub, Sirrah, rub.

Dam. Is debauch'd by a whip'd syllabub.

Enter MYSIS, *attended by* DAPHNE *and* NYSA.

Mys. Soh!—you attend the trial—we shall drive hence
Your vagabond——
Sil. I smoke your foul contrivance.
Daph. Ah, Ny, our fate depends upon this issue—
Nys. Daph, for your sake, my claim I here forego;
And with your Pol much joy I wish you.
Daph. O, gemini, say'st thou me so?
Dear creature, let me kiss you.
Nys. Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will back us.
Daph. Mama will storm.
Nys. What then, she can but whack us.

AIR VII.

Daph. Mother, sure you never
Will endeavour
To dissever
From my favour

So sweet a swain!
None so clever
E'er trod the plain.
Nys. Father, hopes you gave her,
Don't deceive her;
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care?
Haste and save her
From black despair.
Daph. Think of his modest grace,
His voice, shape, and face;
Nys. Hearts alarming,
Daph. Bosoms warming,
Nys. Wrath disarming,
Daph. With his lofty lay:
Nys. He's so charming,
Ay, let him stay,
Both. He's so charming, &c.
Mys. Sluts, are you lost to shame?
Sil. Wife, wife, be more tame.
Mys. This is madness!
Sil. Sober sadness!
Mys. I with gladness
Cou'd see him swing,
For his badness.
mil. 'Tis no such thing.
Dam. Must Pan resign, to this fop, his employment?
Must I, to him, yield of Daph the enjoyment?
Mys. Ne'er, while a tongue I brandish,
Fop outlandish,
Daph shall blandish.
Dam. Will you reject my income,
Herds and clinkum?
Sil. Rot and sink'em.
Dam. Midas must judge.
Mys. And Pol must fly.
Sil. Zounds, Pol shan't budge:
Mys: You lye;
Dam. You lye:
Mys.
Dam.
Sil. } You lye, you lye.

Nys. Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains;
Daph. Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear fountains.
Nys. Pol is young and merry;
Daph. Light and airy,
Sil. As a fairy.
Nys. Pan is old and musty;
Daph. Stiff and fusty;
Sil. Sour and crusty.
Daph. Can you banish Pol?
Nys. No, no, no, no.
Let Pan fall.
Daph. Ay, let him go.
Nys.
Daph. } Ay, let him go.
Sil.

MIDAS *comes forth enrag'd, attended by a crowd of Nymphs and and Swains.*

Mid. Peace, ho! is Hell broke loose? what means this jawing?
Under my very nose this clapper clawing!

AIR VIII.

Midas. What the devil's here to do,
Ye logger-heads and gypsies?
Sirrah you, and hussey you,
And each of you tipsey is:
But I'll as sure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm Justice Midas.

CHORUS.

O tremendous Justice Midas!
Who shall oppose wise Justice Midas?

AIR IX.

Midas.
I'm given to understand that you're all in a pother here,
Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall play to you another year.

Dare you think your clumsy lugs so proper to decide, as
The delicate ears of Justice Midas?

CHORUS. O tremendous, &c.

Mid. Soh, you allow it, then—Ye mobbish rabble!

Enter POL *and* PAN *severally.*

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble.
Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble.

AIR X.

Midas Now I'm seated,
I'll be treated
Like the Sophi on his throne;
In my presence,
Scoundrel peasants
Shall not call their souls their own.
My behest is,
He who best is,
Shall be fix'd musician chief:
Ne'er the loser,
Shall shew nose here,
But be transported like a thief.

CHORUS. O tremendous, &c.

Dam. Masters, will you abide by this condition?
Pan. I ask no better.
Pol.————I am all submission,
Pan. Strike up, sweet Sir.
Pol.————Sir, I attend your leisure.
Mid. Pan, take the lead,
Pan. ————Since 'tis your Worship's pleasure.

AIR XI.

Pan.

A pox of yonr pother about this or that;
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat:
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, master Pol;
So here goes a set to at toll-de-roll-loll.

When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miss Will o' the Whisp the fools scamper;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:
Pray what's all this fuss for, but toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley——a chance medley race;
All start in full cry, to give Dame Fortune chace:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all;
And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your Worship, 'tis rather too long;
I only meant life is but an old song:
The world's but a tragedy, comedy droll;
Where all act the scene of toll-de-roll-loll.

Mid. By Jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;
How, hang-dog, don't you blush to shew your visage?
Pol. Why, master Midas, for that matter,
'Tis enough to dash one,
To hear the arbitrator
In such unseemly fashion,
One of the candidates bespatter,
With so much partial passion.

[*Midas falls asleep.*

Air XII.

Pol. Ah, happy hours, how fleeting
Ye danc'd on down away;
When my soft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay!

But from her charms when sunder'd,
As Midas' frowns presage,
Each hour will seem an hundred;
Each day appear an age.

Mid. Silence——this just decree, all, at your peril,
Obedient hear——or else I shall use you very ill.

The Decree.

Pan shall remain;
Pol quit the plain.

Chorus. Oh tremendous, &c.

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan——enthrone him——
No pouting——and with festal chorus crown him——

The crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join in the chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with bays.

CHORUS.

See triumphant sits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward;
Exil'd Pol shall wander far;
Exil'd twang his faint guittar;
While, with echoing shouts of praise,
We the bagpipe's glory raise.

Mid. 'Tis well.———What keeps you here, you ragamuffin?
Go trudge——or do you wait for a good cuffing?
Pol. Now, all attend.——[*Throws off his disguise, and appears as* APOLLO.]——
The wrath with Jove, for rapine,
Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.
Tremble, thou wretch: thou'st stretch'd the utmost tether;
Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

AIR XIII.

Apollo. Dunce, I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of music, and king of Parnass.
Thy scurvy decree,
For Pan against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.

Mid. Detected, baulk'd, and small,
On our marrow-bones we fall.
Mys. Be merciful.
Dam. Be pitiful.
Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol.——Alas! Alas!

AIR XIV.

Apol. Thou a Billingsgate quean, [*to Mys.*
Thou a pandar obscene, [*to Dam.*
With strumpets and bailiffs shall class;
Thou, driven from man, [*to Mid.*
Shalt wander with Pan,
He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.

Be thou squire—his estate [*to Sil.*
To thee I translate.
To you his strong chests, wicked mass: { *to Daph. and Nys.*
Live happy, while I,
Recall'd to the sky,

Daph. { *with the* } To the bright God of day,
Sil. { *other nymphs* } Let us dance, sing and play:
Nys. { *and swains.* } Clap hands every lad with his lass:
Daph. Now critics, lie snug,
Not a hiss, groan, or shrug;
Remember the fate of Midas,
Midas;
Remember the fate of Midas.

CHORUS.

Now critics, lie snug, &c.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE END.

Typ. W. T. MONCRIEFF, 104, Drury Lane.

Introduced by Mr. SINCLAIR.

LADY THOUGH THY GOLDEN HAIR.

Lady, though thy golden hair
Might a thousand hearts ensnare,
Though thy breast as snow is fair,
Yet I do not, do not love thee.

But within that bosom's swell
Did artless truth and feeling dwell—
I to all the world would tell
Dearly, dearly I could love thee.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

The Mountain Maid, from her bower has hied,
And sped to the glassy river's side;
Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,
And the willows wav'd in the silver light.
On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,
He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain;
And so blythely gay were the notes he play'd,
That he charm'd the ear of the woodland maid.

She stopp'd, with a timid fear oppress'd,
While a soft sigh shook her gentle breast;
He caught her glance, and he marked her sigh,
And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye:
So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,
That he mov'd her tender soul to pity—
For a cheering smile he fondly pray'd,
And he won the heart of the Mountain Maid.

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